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Trinity College

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THE TRINITY TABLET.

VOL. VI.

HARTFORD, CONN. OCTOBER, 1873.

No. X.

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The Trinity Tablet.

VOL. VI.

HARTFORD, CONN., OCTOBER, 1873.

No X.

TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

"I think, with the advance of principles of political freedom, there has been a counter current steadily gaining strength in the method of training young men in college, to say nothing of the same tendency in other directions. Long ago, colleges were only too glad to get students to patronize them; now the case is different; power has entirely passed from those who constitute the college to those who govern it.

We well remember hearing our fathers talk of the unbounded freedom of their youthful days. Why, when we came to college ourselves, we almost expected to see some of the same things done; but there has scarcely been a time when we could show the least independence, or do what we chose in the smallest degree, when the powers that be wished otherwise. If we tried tying in classes, we were sure to be caught and punished; if we attempted to keep up old time customs, just as certainly would we receive a sentence from some official, remanding us to a temporary banishment, or loading us with extra work. Slowly but steadily we seemed to be drawn under the arm of the law. Once a member of the Freshman class was sent home for some act of doubtful guilt, we thought, although he had purposely left the college premises; and to extend the authority of the Faculty beyond these premises was considered preposterous.

The next thing we heard was that even at home we were nominally, though it could not be virtually, under the jurisdiction of the college to which we had sworn allegiance in matriculation.

So it went on until the other day, when the whole force of the Sophomore and Freshman classes having joined in an old-time rush, eleven men were picked out and compelled to remain hostages for the good conduct of their classmates during the remainder of the term.

Now this seems unfair. These were not the only ones who participated in the rush, nor was it pretended they were. The Faculty saw the whole thing, and knew that the entire lower half of college was engaged.

Their discrimination does not seem to be based on any just grounds, for those who were actually caught were not the ones whom the authorities punished. On the contrary some who had been individually seized, escaped, while the number of the condemned was composed in part of those who were congratulating themselves on their not being detected.

On what basis, then, was the distinction made? It is obvious that any other than an actual participation and detection would have been unjust. And so, since this was not the basis employed, we hold that the discrimination was unfair.

It seems to us we are being treated every day more and more like boarding-school fellows. What a petty offence it is to cut one's name on a bench, or to shout "freshman" in the halls? Yet even for this we are punished."

In this way one might seem to reason without unfairness or prejudice, and we confess the case very naturally takes this shape in the minds of the majority. But there is much to be said on the other side.

If it is true that liberty of action be passing

from the students to the college officers we hold it a good sign. It shows that there is somewhere strength to withstand the almost universal tendency of American principles—a perversion of freedom to mean license.

There can be seen evidences of this anti-popular tendency in the history of nearly all of our American colleges during the past few years. The recent case at Cornell is surely as bad as any, but it is a young institution, based on principles which perhaps gave freer scope to the exercise of lawlessness, and besides the catastrophe has occasioned such a furor that a revolution in the affairs of Cornell is no doubt in the immediate future.

The tendency of our collegiate system is, notwithstanding this notable exception, towards law and order.

Now we say it is due to the working of this principle that our personal freedom has of late been restricted. The cases alluded to above are but evidences cropping out here and there of its slow but determined progress.

We may murmur as much as we choose; the time is coming when our true relations shall be established, and then the balance of power will be found to lie on the side of the College authorities. And here let us say that the policy adopted by most of us is shortsighted. We grumble at many things connected with the College as if it were not only a born right, but a born duty; or as if we imagined ourselves the movers in some great reform, which, if it were needed (as it assuredly is not) could never be brought about by such a petty policy.

We came here but a little time ago; we will leave again soon; but the College has gone on in its own way for nearly half a century, and will continue long after we are forgotten. We forget that the College is primary; we but secondary.

As for the rush, although we do not consider the methods employed to stop it legitimate, yet it is very plain that if no limit be placed to the number of such occurrences in any one year,

rushing would become an intolerable nuisance; for a contest under such circumstances, would be no contest at all. If the case could be carried up to other courts every time for adjudication, it would only be a trial of obstinacy, not of strength. Freshmen would be continually running off with beavers; and Sophomores would be obliged to hold themselves in perpetual readiness for a tumble in the mud or a roll in the pond.

A spirit of fault-finding is too common among us. We look at everything through blue spectacles. We twist things out of their true shapes, bringing out the worst features in full relief, while we conceal altogether the good. We cannot think this would be done if we were fully conscious of its import, so let us show to others the bright side of that picture, which, but for our perversions would have no dark one.

ROLANDO.

That's our drop light. Maybe you'd like to know "his story." Well if history can drop light on the subject we will proceed. Rolando was born more than a thousand years ago—at an early age, of "poor but honest parents," old Mr. Rolando, in fact, was a licensed vender of second-hand tooth-picks and in this way managed to pick up quite a good living. Of the boy's early life we know little, for his paternal having run away Ro's mother had him and his brother Oliver (they used to call him O'Lyman) sent to the Reform School where he passed his minority in seclusion and retirement. They were bad boys and resembled each other very much, especially Oliver. After leaving their Alma Mater they wandered around until finally they enlisted under Charlemagne.

We have no accounts of his marriage, but it is likely he was—yes, he must have been, for history says he left many children behind to mourn his loss. Maybe he adopted them though. He was a great swordsman and called his steel Durandale, which meant noth-

ing in particular but answered the purpose as well as anything else. He had a golden helmet which could "vie sir" with the sun. He had a "cuirass," and the coverings for his legs were "grievous." He must have lost his nose in some "muss" for we read that he had an "ivory horn." When he would get himself up "s'well" and would "swell" along the avenue in his new dry goods and spring overcoat the "Micks" would poke each other and remark, "What a nosegay!" One peculiarity about his horn was that when he blew it it could be heard throughout France—no matter whether he used his fingers or his handkerchief. Ro and O'Lyman went on a *tare* one night, and, having spoken rather freely to the proprietor of the beer garden he was struck in the eye by the "terrible" fist of the aforesaid individual. The crowd cried "Tally one for the beer man;" Ro said he had no fancy for persons who "italicized" thusly.

He was a fine speaker, this Rolando, and could move people by his eloquence *i. e.*, they always moved away when he commenced to speak. The fires of love always burned brightly within him, but when the torrents of eloquence were let loose upon them, the latter generally "reigned" supreme.

One night our hero got tight, yes, disgustingly so, and under the soothing influence of four toms and "jerries" he got up an extensive "forgery" and was forced to leave the country.

War was going on with the Moors and "the flower" of the land, Ro and O'Lyman among the number, "arose" to fight with the heathen. Ro was a "heathen" himself. His maternal relation had all her feelings "worked up" when she heard of his departure, but got a new supply shortly afterwards. He "sacked" many a town under "cloak" of night. He "routed" all armies in his "route" and "wore out" their patience.

But "division" was the "result" and "divisors" were turned homeward. Charley led

the advance and Ro and O'Lyman brought up the rear. But the Moors by the treachery of one of Ro's companions separated him from the main army. At the onset they set on him with fury. Ro was almost "stupefied" by the stupendous announcement and cursed his own "stupidity" for allowing himself to be drawn into such a "stew." "Long and doubtful was the conflict," but Ro scorned to call the king to his aid. At length he was beaten back on the right and few were "left." Then came the greatest "blow" of his life. His "horn's" blast was heard far and near and the king hastened back to help him, but it was too late; Ro was dead and the king returned, in turn taciturn to Paris.

MINOR MATTERS.

NOBLE ACT OF THE FRESHMEN.

The TABLET Editors happening, perhaps designedly, to enter a room with nineteen Freshmen in it, were made the happy possessors of seventeen new subscriptions. This is what we call a noble deed and one that should serve as a precedent for succeeding classes; even the three upper classes would do well to follow an example set by those who are supposed to know nothing about College affairs. The first duty of a student is to support the institutions of his Alma Mater; while an undergraduate he cannot do much for her; but he should at any rate speak well of her and cause her to be well known, and as this duty is assumed by the TABLET, let all remember that in supporting this College paper they are, in an indirect way, speaking a good word for their College.

ANOTHER RUSH.

The pluck of the Freshmen was too great to allow them to remain satisfied with the result of the last rush. The Sophomore class were rather surprised to see their opposites in Chapel, appear one afternoon without unnecessary clothing; taking the hint very readily, they immediately prepared for the contest

which they believed to be inevitable. The two under-classes filed out of Chapel with unusual haste; the champion of the Freshmen rushed off with a plug on his head, closely followed by his own and the Sophomore classes. In fact we never saw a rush commenced better; but, "Alas! for all human expectations;" another foe was in the field; the Faculty, with immense daring, rushed in! In a moment all was confusion; every breast heaved with excitement. Here a Freshman could be seen running off pursued by "Cato Major," who with the dexterity of a prestidigitateur, catches him by the collar with the hooked end of an umbrella and in a sepulchral tone, not loud but deep, exclaims "Mr. X you may go to your room." There, Professor Math. hauls a Sophomore from under a hedge and having performed this errand of mercy, dismisses the delinquent with a blessing. Thus was a rush, which promised to be of uncommon interest, summarily stopped. It was unanimously decided by the upper classes that the Faculty came out best and they award to them the disputed beaver.

A PETITION.

A petition has been handed to the Faculty, requesting that the absurd practice of reporting on Saturday evening should be abolished. Enough has been stated concerning this imposition, in former numbers of this paper; suffice it to say that it has long since been voted a "bore" by the students, and must be regarded in this light by those members of the Faculty who look at it in an unprejudiced way. We believe we can truthfully affirm that no duty is so universally hated as that of reporting, and we sincerely hope that a thing so senseless will trouble the undergraduates of Trinity College no longer.

FRESHMAN ENTERTAINMENT.

The first of November "bum" will be given by the Freshmen, as usual. This matter has been, as is always the case, veiled in mystery, though judging the Freshmen from what they have already done, we are looking

out for something worthy of them. Unluckily, Compensation-Day comes on Saturday this year and we lose the benefit of three cuts; however this will not injure the "bum" in any way, and unless the wary Sophomores walk off with the cigars, which we suppose will be furnished in abundance, we expect it to be a grand success. We hope the Freshmen will remember on this, as well as on all similar occasions, that if they do their duty they will not lose by it, in any manner.

READING ROOM.

If the Committee appointed from the Junior Class to take charge of the Reading Room continue to perform their duties as they have commenced, we can expect to see the room kept in better order and more carefully attended to than ever before. They have had a consultation with the two members of the Faculty having charge of the room, and it is to be newly plastered, papered and partially refurnished. The best New York Dailies, Illustrated papers, all the Hartford, some Boston papers and many others are on file together with some of the best foreign publications. Many of the first-class magazines and reviews have been secured, and taking all things into consideration, the Reading Room bids fair to be an exceedingly attractive place this year. But the labors of the Committee will be useless unless seconded by the students, and on them as much as on the Committee itself depends the success of the scheme.

A crowd generally gathers in the room before and after chapel and recitations, and much damage is done in way of tearing magazines and papers, breaking glass, *et cetera*. The Committee, by the sanction of the Faculty, intend levying fines on persons behaving thus, and though they may incur the dislike of those thus dealt with, yet the college generally will confess that they are right.

A NEW LITERARY SOCIETY.

"From the ashes of the Parthenon,
Another literary bird has sprung."

We heard a Freshman spouting the above

in a secluded dell on Talcott mountain a few days ago. We interrupted him at once through fear lest the Lunatic Asylum would have another inmate, so that it is impossible to follow the thread of his poem (?) But what has been saved was sufficient to excite in us a feeling of curiosity in regard to the new Phoenix. This feeling became so intense that we were unable to repress it, and so resolved to penetrate the mystery. A notice on the bulletin board informed us that at 7.30 P. M. there would be a meeting of the "Literary Society." The appointed hour arrived and we ascended three or four flights of stairs in order to reach the room where the Society were to hold their exercises. As soon as we obtained admittance, we entered and quietly ensconced ourselves in a corner in order to watch the proceedings with some degree of comfort. After a chairman had been appointed and the minutes read, the literary exercises were opened with a reading by one of the members. Then came the debate on a prosy, longworded, question, the idea of which appeared to be, to frighten Freshmen and to inspire every one with a feeling of awe. The speakers "orated" pretty well, but evidently knew very little of the subject they were attempting to handle. A selected reading succeeded the debate, and the exercises were closed with an extemporary address. Lack of time prevents our giving a more particular account of the proceedings, so we will close with a short piece of advice to this new Society. In the first place, select less abstruse questions for debate. Choose those with which the members are acquainted to some extent. Secondly, do not allow the debate to be protracted till late in the evening, thus preventing many from attending. Lastly, endeavor to make the exercises attractive, and thus you will collect together those who will make the society a perfect success. We do not wish to discourage the Association by these few remarks, but simply to help it. All such Literary Societies should be encouraged as much as possible, and

we hope it will succeed, and if possible even surpass the glories of the ancient Parthenon.

COLLEGIATE AND ACADEMIC.

NEW BUILDINGS FOR TRINITY COLLEGE.—A correspondent writes to us: "I see that an article describing the new buildings for Trinity College, which originally appeared in the *Trinity Tablet*, and which has been copied into various exchanges, has been reproduced by *The Church Journal*. As it is a subject of great interest to Churchmen in general, and 'Trinity' graduates in particular, I write to ask whether it is an authorized and a correct statement; thinking that you will be able to give me the information." We would state, in reply, that the published article referred to is unauthorized. No plans for the new buildings have been selected, and the committee appointed to suggest plans has not reported.

The article quoted above appeared in a recent number of the *Churchman*. Concerning this we have only to say that the President of the College showed to one of our editors a plan, which he said was that of the future Trinity College. Now whether the worthy editor of the *Churchman* considered this sufficient authority for the statements made in the August *Tablet* or not we are unable to decide. Since this article appeared in the *Churchman*, its writer has himself exhibited the same plans, thus involving a slight contradiction. We do not mean to say that at that time the plans were formally adopted by the Committee chosen for that purpose, but that those and no others would be chosen was undeniably true.

The faculty of Williams College used to employ an Irishman named Jemmy to make fires, sweep, wait on the students, and do general chores. One of the boys pretended to be mad at him one day, and, after blowing him up badly, went on to say: "Jemmy, this can't last always; by and by you'll get your deserts and go to the bad place. What do you suppose you'll do there?" "Oh," said Jemmy, "I suppose they'll set me to waiting on the students, just as I duz here."

SCENE—*Fair Grounds*.—Senior to Soph. "If we wer'n't with these ladies we would ride to the city, but as it will require an additional quarter, guess we will walk." First young lady to second young lady indignantly, "We can paddle our own canoe, can't we?" Soph., with eye brows highly raised, "Do you call me your canoe?"—*Ex.*

The Trinity Tablet.

Published monthly throughout the collegiate year
by the Students of

TRINITY COLLEGE.

EDITORS, CLASS OF '74.

J. E. BRANDEGER,
G. J. COE,

R. G. ERWIN,
J. D. HURD.

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COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

Reader, were you ever annoyed by having the same question asked you at least a dozen times a day? If you never have been, you have no idea of what purgatory is, nor have you the faintest conception of the duties of a TABLET Editor. We take our hat and cane for a stroll; we are detained near the Reading-Room door with the inevitable question "When is the TABLET coming out?" We quote that beauteous little verse about "Johnny" and "Cannot sometimes, most

generally always tell" and pass on; we are stopped, however, at the foot of the hill with the same inquiry, and rushing down town to console ourselves with a cigar, are greeted by the Tobacconist with that same tantalizing interrogation. If we could only find the first man who ventured to inquire concerning the publication of our valued sheet we would be strongly tempted to kick him, the temptation being great or small according to the size of the offender. For the benefit of the three underclasses, who are supposed to know something about Latin, we will quote that ancient piece of advice "*Quieta non movere*," which, being freely translated means "When you see an Editor in a peaceful state of mind don't ask him any questions about his paper." Pleasant weather affects us all, more or less, and for this reason, perhaps, every one has been, for some time past, in a good humor with himself, and consequently, with his neighbors; for, in proportion as a man is pleased with himself, just so much will he be pleased with, and pleasing to, those around him.

It has always been our experience that if you want a cut from a professor go to him some pleasant day after he has had a good dinner and you will invariably succeed. The Seniors rejoice in occasional cuts in Butler, while the Juniors go about as if they had nothing to do, and talk about experiments in Natural Philosophy as if they were everyday occurrences. We remember something about Junior year and would not mind being men-of-ease once more, particularly when we look at Hamilton's Metaphysics or at Butler's Analogy.

We are sorry to see that the Faculty have been so remiss as not to put up a wall to protect the northern portion of Brownell Hall; sickness has been already caused by this oversight and, unless attention is called to it, many more students will soon be on the sick list.

The State House progresses slowly and

already shows signs of being a large and elegant building. The noise which the workmen keep up is really distracting, and those who have back rooms in Brownell Hall find it no small task to study if they leave their windows open; the ground will be frozen before long, however, and we may expect to have a little quiet until warm weather again returns and brings with it the sound of the laborer's hammer and pick-axe. The man who would start a subscription for mending the Chapel organ would merit the thanks of the whole College. The singing this year is remarkably good and it is a great pity that the instrumental music should be so poor as to disturb the vocal. Several excellent voices have been discovered in the Freshman Class, and musical societies of every kind are doing remarkably well. We are glad to see so many members of seventy-three visit the College; it seems quite like old times to see them around again. No sight is more welcome to an undergraduate than the face of a well-known alumnus; it is not by any means so natural to sit in the Senior seats but that we can imagine ourselves on the Junior side once more, looking across at the class of seventy-three.

The Bishop's lectures on History have been few and far between thus far, though we believe he will visit us more regularly in future; nothing facilitates the study of History to such a degree as these lectures, and they are always looked forward to with pleasure by the Upper-classmen. Before very long we will put aside the editorial pen and yield our places to our successors, whom we hope will manage the TABLET with that degree of vigor and promptitude which has not heretofore characterized its publication.

PARTICLE'S CONTRIBUTION.

The board of editors being in somewhat of a hurry to work up the October number, and not having time to produce the required

amount of matter from their own brains, solicited a contribution from *Particle*. Now the office of *Particle* is merely to furnish jokes, and make up the "funny" part of our paper (and we will leave you to decide in how creditable a manner he performs his duties); but since he had been requested to furnish an article, being too bashful to refuse, he complied, and presented the following historical sketch as his contribution. There are a few anachronisms and slight mistakes in regard to some of the customs of the Romans of those days, but we will not offend him by correcting them, but will leave you to make all necessary emendations:

A LIFE OF POMPEY.

In opening this article I would like to call the reader's attention to the fact that I have entitled this brief sketch "A Life of Pompey," and not "The Life of Pompey." My reason for doing so is that, as I am aware that as many lives of Pompey (or any other man) might be written as there are men to write them, I am disinclined to show myself so conceited as to call mine pre-eminently "The Life." This is merely my idea, as suggested chiefly by my imagination, as to what might possibly have been the life of such a character as he passes for among literary men of the present day.

Cneius Pompeius Magnus was born of rich but dishonest parents, in the year 106 B. C. Smith's Classical Dictionary says that he was "son of No. 9;" but this has been disputed, most writers being of the opinion that his father's name was Cneius Pompeius Strabo. However this may be, his father did not die until several years after the birth of his son, and, as Pompey was believed by those who knew him intimately, to possess the power of consciousness, with all the attendant phenomena, he must have known his own father, and was consequently a wise child. He was educated in all the gymnastics of the age, both physical and mental. Among his companions he was considered "Boss of the ring,"

and "Cock of the walk." He was celebrated throughout Rome as a "bruiser," and when he entered for a prize fight always sold as the favorite Jem Mace and Mike McCoul being in the field. He retained his pugilistic propensities through life, and was always trying to "pick a fight" with somebody; but at last he picked one too many, and it made him sick. But that I may not tell anything too soon, and thus spoil the plot, I will reserve that for its proper place. After he had served his apprenticeship in the "Foot Guards," and "Mounted Riflemen," his "Old Bloat" bought him a commission and set him up in the military line for himself. He first hung out his shingle, and opened an office in Picenum, where he remained some time, but not getting as much practice as was suited to his lofty ambition, he subsequently attached himself to the party of Sulla (which by the way considerably sullied his reputation). After serving under Sulla for some time, he dissolved partnership with him, and again set up in business for himself, and went to Spain where he was very successful. Having exterminated the Modocs, and avenged the deaths of several former leaders, he again set out for Rome. On the way he met the remnants of the army of Spartacus, (a Roman rough, whom the Metropolitan Police had been on the lookout for for some time), and he didn't *spart* a cuss of the whole crowd. On arriving at Rome he was "lionized" and asked to lecture before the Y. M. C. A. on Spain, which he did in the Coliseum to an enthusiastic and appreciative audience. Finding that "Gaius, Coquus et Socii" had suspended, and that consuls were at a discount, he took one, but at the end of a year he sold out, and a commission was appointed by the Senate to investigate his affairs, and make him render an account for the consumption of public funds. It was found on examination that the government owed him seven asses. Not believing legislation to be his forte, he again set up in the military line, and started a civil war with Cæsar at the

head of the opposition. They had a fight on the plain of Pharsalia, and Pompey's army didn't stand a show. Pompey was an indefatigable punster, and during this battle, is reported to have cried, on seeing Cæsar a short distance off, "Seize! ah! seize him!" After the uproar was over Pompey took passage by the Anchor line for Egypt, where he hoped to obtain a commission in the Viceroy's army, having presented a fine full-blooded bull-pup to that gentleman a short time before; but he was "chawed" again and had his head chopped off. This was the ignoble end of the great and glorious Pompey. It is said that Cæsar, on seeing his head, which was forwarded by Adams' Express Co., wept, because he had no more worlds to conquer.

Pompey would probably have been more successful if had not been a punster. The great moral truth to be derived from this tale is "Never make puns."

PERSONALS.

HOPSON, '27. The Rev. Oliver Hopson has recently removed to Waverly, Ill.

SEYMOUR, 41. The Rev. C. N. Seymour has resigned the pastorate of the Congregational Church, Brooklyn, Conn.

BOLLES, '51. Rev. E. C. Bolles, Ph. D., who has been called "The most popular expositor in New England of the marvels of the microscopic world," is to lecture in the course at the Boston Lyceum this winter.

EDSON, '55. Rev. Samuel Edson has removed to Dixon, Ill.

CLYDE, '62. W. P. Clyde's address is changed to No. 6 Bowling Green, New York City.

BARBOUR, BULKLEY, PROCTOR and RAFTERY, '73. J. H. Barbour, W. H. Bulkley, C. H. Proctor, and O. H. Raftery, have entered the Junior Class at Berkley Divinity School, Middletown.

GRANNISS and WOODMAN, '73. F. O.

Granniss and C. E. Woodman have entered upon their Divinity studies at the General Theological Seminary in New York.

BOWLES, '73. R. H. Bowles, Jr., is principal of the High School in Jewit City, Conn.

CHASE, '73. H. J. Chase is teaching in the Rev. Mr. Lewis' school at Oxford, N. Y.

COOK, '73. W. M. Cook is teaching at Ury House, Fox Chase post office, Philadelphia.

HYDE, '73. E. M. Hyde is a teacher in St. John's School, Manlins, N. Y.

TAYLOR, '73. E. B. Taylor has a position in the Rev. Mr. McKimm's school at Milford, Del.

BOWDITCH, '73. J. T. Bowditch has taken up the study of law, out at his western home.

RICHARDSON, '73. L. W. Richardson has accepted the position of Tutor in Latin, and entered upon his duties.

WATTS, '73. E. B. Watts has entered upon the study of law, at the Columbian Law School, Washington, D. C.

McCULLOUGH, '73. D. H. McCullough was recently married to Miss C. R. Trenholm.

UNDERHILL, '73. G. B. Underhill has taken up the study of medicine at his home in New Orleans, La.

PARTICLES.

Particle's mind has lately been so absorbed in contemplation of the beauties of Butler and Hamilton that he has been unable to perpetrate his usual amount of bad puns; but his next neighbor has more than made up for the deficiency. Most of his witticisms, however, are not exactly of the right kind to appear in print; but here is one which he kindly allows to be published. Scene in recitation in metaphysics—Prof. "Mr. — what is a coordinate conception of nature?" Student (*in undertone*) "Twins."—Our chum told us a good

joke the other day, which comes from one of our sister colleges. A student being examined on the bible, in answer to the question, "What are the first three books of the New Testament?" said "Shem, Ham and Japheth."—A Freshman lately expressed the belief that macaroni grew on trees.—It is very strange how soon one forgets his Greek. A Senior lately said that *αι κταο θαι* was carved on Achilles' club, and translated it "Ever unbroken."—A Freshman was greatly edified not very long since by learning from a Sophomore that the observatory was situated on a meridian.—According to a Sophomore the words "shall" and "will" are very often misused by newly arrived Americans.

OUR EXCHANGES.

We have just received the first number of the *Cornell Times*, which puts in a very creditable appearance. Among other things it contains a wood-cut of the scene of the Leggett accident, which shows that locality to have been a wild and dangerous place. The editorial management of this paper is placed on a new basis, which it is hoped will give equal representation to all the College. There are to be eight editors, two from each class, and of these two one is to be a society man and one a neutral. We wait anxiously for the development of this theory.

Meanwhile the *Era* quietly snubs its young rival, it says:—"It wears a modest-quaker dress, and its exterior gives one the impression that it is an almanac, or medical circular, though an examination of its contents speedily removes that idea," and relying on the fact that the *Era* is the *established* college paper, sees no cause to fear that its circulation will be affected by that of the *Cornell Times*.

The *Wittenberger* from a college of that name in Springfield, Ohio, has reached us this month for the first time. It is gotten up in good shape, and is in its contents a very cred-

itable number, for a beginning, we wish it good success for the future.

The *University Record* is another new paper, and comes from Rochester University. It starts with a very modest statement of its intentions, and while it does not propose to startle any one with its wisdom, nor to strike ahead of its *confreres* in College journalism, it does purpose to furnish an interesting and readable paper to its subscribers, and to reflect credit on the University. Looked at from this standpoint its first number is a very successful effort.

The *College Mercury* is responsible for the following eccentricity in postal card literature:

"Rather a strange postal card ran ashore here last week. It read something as follows: 'Mr. X. :—Sir, I want that \$14.00. You have had two years wear out of those black pants and now I want you to pay for them. I can't afford to clothe you. Yours, &c.,—
—, Tailor."

The last *Magenta* has an unusually large number of poetical contributions, and all of them are so good that the *Advocate* will have to look out that it is not surpassed in its particular forte.

The Reading Room Committee thank the proprietors of the *Hartford Courant*, *Post* and *Times* for the generous contributions of their respective papers.

BOOK NOTICE.

ST. NICHOLAS.—Scribner's Illustrated Magazine for Girls and Boys, conducted by Mary Mapes Dodge, Vol. 1, No. 1, Nov., 1873.

Perhaps it would be considered a doubtful compliment to the first issue of this new juvenile magazine to say that it promises well. All first issues do that, it is a part of their capital in trade, a sort of promissory note to be redeemed or not hereafter, as the projectors and managers of the literary venture may think best. And so it was with doubtful fingers that we took up the bantling and began its examination.

It is a complete magazine, with good clear type and excellent illustrations. It abounds in many features which must eventually give it popularity, and the army of writers with which it professes to be backed will ensure its success, simply because they are actual contributors and not writers in name only. The boys and girls will be happy with it, and St. Nicholas, instead of coming once a year, as formerly, will now visit them at all seasons.

COLLEGE CLIPPINGS.

- "SOPHS" are yelling.
- Juniors are physicing.
- Seniors philosophising.
- "Fresh" are trembling.—*Chronicle*.

The precession of Equinoxes has proved a second "*pons asinorum*" to '74.—*Orient*.

Senior—"I should like to be allowed to go to Princetown with the nine to-morrow." Prof.—"What position do you play, sir?" Senior—"Scorer, sir." Prof.—"You may go."—*Yale Courant*.

A Freshman was attended by father, mother and sister, at his examination, when the result was announced to be satisfactory, the father asked Prof.—out, "*to have something?*"—*Ex*.

One who knows says "kissing a lady with an Elizabethan ruffle on is about as much fun as embracing a circular saw in full motion."

A young lady in Boston claimed the reduction made to ministers by the venders of sewing machines, because, as she blushingly hinted, she was engaged to a theological student.—*Ex*.

Cutting on chapel is becoming unpopular. The expedient of splitting is adopted, *i. e.*, entering during singing. The advantage of this system is, that it saves both time and marks.—*Western Collegian*.

Some Harvard students were recently serenading a boarding-school, when, seeing some heads at the window, they waited for comments. They heard the following and then left: "Sure, and don't they sing swately, Maggie?"—*Ex*.

"A postal card containing the following was

picked up on the Freshman recitation room floor this morning: 'Dear Father—they came into our room—*blowed* out light—stood us on table—had to scan Livy—had to spell three-syllabled words—hard ones—and I want you to come down Monday.—D.'—*Bowdoin Orient*.

Here's one on "Buggy Riding:"

"Oh! give me a ride, a buggy ride,
With my sweet little darling by my side—
My blithe little girl with a rosy cheek,
And not afraid now and then to speak,
Nor afraid of being fondly entwined
By an arm that lazily lingers behind."—*Ex.*

A paper has this advertisement: "Two sisters want washing." We fear that millions of brothers are in the same predicament.

The Freshman who offered the tutor fifty cents for a pony to Livy, desires us to say that he concedes the championship to that classmate who borrowed a broom at the President's house.—*Orient*.

In a cemetery of this county there is a tombstone with the following inscription: "Cyrus F. B——g, aged 53 years, 4 months and 23 days. 'Gone but not forgotten.' P. S.—Also, Little Charlie, aged 3 years. Ditto."—*Chronicle*.

A heartless Sophomore directed an unsophisticated Freshman to the police head-quarters for rooms. He found them but says "he would like to enlarge the proboscis of that Soph."—*Cornell Era*.

"Prof. R. quite frightened me," said a lady speaking of a recent lecture on chemistry. "I had no idea nitro-glycerine was so dangerous. Think of the children! I went right home and took my bottle of glycerine and carried it on a pair of tongs down to the bottom of the garden, and buried it under some rubbish. I hope that no beggars will find it and hurt themselves."—*Vassar Misc.*

Let all Tutors beware of making mistakes before the knowing Freshman,—hear this:—

Tutor to Freshman: "Your translation is incorrect; it is not as I explained it yesterday." *Fresh*: "I know it, sir; but I looked the matter up after recitation, and I found that *you were wrong!*"

A Junior, who sports a preponderance of Jewelry, had quite a little episode happen to him on his way to college. A fellow traveler lost his watch, and the minions of the law searched the Junior for it.—*Record*.

The rage for the "i e" termination to girls names has come to a disastrous termination in an Oregon family. A farmer named Ake christened his oldest daughter Belle. She had some cards printed in the "i e" fashion, and—well, after looking at the result, she concluded that Belle was good enough for her, and burned them.—*Anvil*.

Freshman to Junior: Say, haven't got an Odyssey you want to sell, have you?

Junior: Yes, I have an Owen's.

Freshman: Oh, how unfortunate, I wanted Homer's.

Freshman retires, and the Junior smiles.—*Mercury*.

A little boy who had been indulging in a story, just for fun, was told that it was wrong, and that he must ask the Lord to forgive him. After thinking about it for he moment, he kneeled down, and gravely said: "Dear Lord, can't you take a joke? Amen."—*Index Niagarensis*.

A certain Junior has been very much disturbed by uncomfortable dreams lately. An unaccountable noise being heard in his room last night, the occupant of the adjoining bed-room came to the rescue and discovered the poor fellow in the habit of the Greek slave, seated on the floor with his trunk in his lap hugging it most vigorously.—*Univ. Press*.

Scene—Junior den, student scanning.—There comes a tapping at the door, visitor enters, while student concludes his scanning with the exclamation "Quod si com-min-uas."

A Doubtful Case of Mixed Metaphor:—We found a Senior's study table adorned, the other day, with

Two crackers,

A strong smelling glass,

A bran-new copy of Wayland's Moral Science, and

A quart bottle of some sparkling liquid

We cited a rule in the old Rhetoric—which we used to study long ago in the Junior year—a rule about metaphor, but the Senior aforesaid claims that it is a case of “met-afore.”—*Madisonensis*.

A bewildered Senior might have been seen the other evening just about dusk, anxiously searching for his new “hash house.” When last heard from he was in a fair way of going without his supper, for the same reason the fabulous “Jack” did.

One of the “freshy tall” was seen anxiously inspecting the houses of a certain street, and after several unsuccessful attempts to find the right one, said pathetically: “I’ll be dog-gon-ed; if I can’t keep track of my room better’n this, I’ll hitch myself to it with a string.” This called forth a laugh from the crowd who happened to overhear him, whereupon he enlightened them by exclaiming: “I’m a fresh!”—*Chronicle*.

A landlady on York street gave a spread to her new Freshman boarders. On the table were all the *indelicacies* of the season. Among the relishes were a plate of olives. A member of the incoming class from the West reached for an olive, turned it over, and finally tasted. He then skimmed off to a window, relieved his mouth of the pickle, and cautiously beckoned to the aforesaid landlady to meet him in the hall. Then, with a facial expression denoting utter disgust, he quietly remarked: “Mrs. Brown, I do not wish to do anything to destroy the hilarity of the party, but that cuss from New Jersey has put acid on the plums.”—*Record*.

SCENE—*Laboratory*.—Professor looking attentively upon a little box, on which is written “Blue Pills,” and from which the names of the Seniors, written on small slips of paper, are to be drawn as they are called up to recite. “Strange, but things will, even accidentally, get the correct label on them occasionally.”—*Ex*.

A Freshman has sent home some tin-types to be distributed among his former friends. They represent him as he appeared on the morning after his initiation. He stands erect, a Livy under one arm, the other resting on his musket, with bayonet fixed; a fatigue cap hangs over

his ear, while upon the broad lappel of his diagonal shines his society pin. In his letter which accompanies the pictures he is careful to inform his sister that the pink tinge on his cheek is wholly the work of the artist.—*Orient*.

Three students perpetrated matrimony last vacation. In view of this fact, we will hereafter devote a separate column to “marriages.” We are confident it will be well patronized, at least as soon as the female department of the University is in successful operation.—*Volante*.

CRUEL.—One of our Freshmen, picking up with a lady at the exposition, imagined himself an inhabitant of those beautiful regions of the fair celestials, while promenading, the lovely “damsel” on his arm the while; upon a little cherub coming up, however, and addressing her by the endearing epithet of “ma,” the Freshman wilted, and at last reports was still wilting.—*Volante*.

This thing of sending boys and girls to the same college would seem to be a frightful sort of business. The New York *Graphic* says “the male Freshmen are blindfolded and violently kissed by frolicsome Sophomores of the gentler sex.” If this is true, every Freshman ought to have a couple of policemen with him all the time for his protection. If we were a Freshman, rather than submit to the diabolical violence of being blindfolded and kissed by a parcel of sixteen year old female Sophomores, we would a thousand times rather retire uneducated from college, and glide down the stream of time without knowing a single thing.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

A graduate of Columbia College, N. Y., had charge of a select school in one of the interior towns of that State. Among his pupils was a bright lad, who seeing the words *semper paratus* on one of the fire engines of the town, referred them to his preceptor to learn their translation. For a moment the pedagogue looked non-plussed, then:

“Sem-per-pa-ra-tus, that means—it means—it—where did you see it?”

“On No. — engine,” replied the boy.

“Sem-per-pa-ra-tus (long drawn out) means—where did you say you saw it?”

"On No. — engine."

"O! sem-per-pa-ra-tus means." A long pause and then his countenance brightened just a little. "Semper-paratus (now quickly spoken) means—um—um—um—semper-paratus, why it means *superior apparatus*."—*College Days*.

LIST OF EXCHANGES.

The College Courant, New Haven, Ct.
 Albion Coll., Mich., *Annalist*.
 Amherst Coll. Amherst, Mass., *Amherst Student*.
 Antioch Coll., Yellow Springs, O., *Antiochian*.
 Bowdoin Coll., Brunswick, Me., *Orient*.
 Brown Univ., Providence, R. I., *Brunonian*.
 Bates Coll., Lewiston, Maine, *Bates Student*.
 Central Coll., Fayette, Mo., *Central Collegian*.
 Chicago Univ., Chicago, Ill., *Volante*.
 Columbia Coll., New York City, *Cap and Gown*.
 Cornell Univ., Ithaca, N. Y., *Cornell Era*.
 Dalhousie Coll., Halifax, N. S., *Dalhousie Gaz.*
 Dartmouth Coll., Hanover, N. H., *Dartmouth*.
 Hamilton Coll. Clinton, N. Y., *Hamil'n Lit. Mag.*
 Harvard Coll., Cambridge, Mass., *Harvard Advocate*, *Magenta*.
 Hobart Coll., Geneva, N. Y., *Hobart Sentinel*.
 Iowa State Univ., Iowa City, Iowa, *Univ. Reporter*.
 Lafayette Coll., Easton, Pa., *Lafayette Monthly*.
 Madison Univ., Hamilton, N. Y., *Madisonensis*.
 Marietta Coll., Marietta, Ohio, *Marietta Olio*.
 Michigan Univ., Ann Arbor, Mich., *Chronicle*.
 Madison, Wis., *University Press*.
 Ohio Wesleyan Univ., Delaware, Ohio, *Western Collegian*.
 Packer Coll. Inst., Brooklyn, N. Y., *P'ker Q'rly*.
 Princeton Coll. Princ'n, N. J., *Nassau. Lit. Mag.*
 Racine Coll., Racine, Wis., *College Mercury*.
 Ripon Coll., Ripon, Wis., *College Days*.
 Rutgers Coll., New Brunswick, N. J., *Targum*.
 Santa Clara Coll., Santa Clara, Cal., *Owl*.
 Shurtleff Coll., Upper Alton, Ill., *Qui Vive*.
 Syracuse Univ., Syracuse, N. Y., *Univ. Herald*.
 Union Coll., Schenectady, N. Y., *Union Coll. Mag.*, *Spectator*.
 Upper Canada Coll., Toronto, *Rollege Times*.
 Va. Univ., Charlottesville, Va., *Va. Univ. Mag.*
 Washington Univ., St. Louis, Mo., *Irving Union*.
 Wesleyan Univ., Middletown, Ct., *Coll. Argus*.
 Western Univ., of Pa., Pittsburg, Pa., *Rollege Journal*.
 Williams Coll., Williamstown, Mass., *Williams Review*, *Williams Vidette*.
 Yale Coll., New Haven, Ct., *Yale. Lit. Mag.*
Yale Courant, *Yale Record*.
Daily Graphic, New York.
Church and State, New York City, (Box 6009.)
 Vassar Coll., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., *Vassar Miscellany*.

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
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